

THE OREAD



SENIOR NUBMER

March 1916

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INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850.

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The Oread

VOL. IX

MARCH 1916

NO. 12

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vermont,
Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879

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Editorial

Washington and Lincoln

ON the twelfth and twenty-second of February we celebrate
the birthdays of our two greatest Presidents, Lincoln
and Washington. Their's are the names that we pro-
nounce with reverence; their's are the deeds of which
we speak with pride. Any country in the world would
be justly proud to claim the parentage of such men, for they are not
only the greatest men of our land but even of the world.

When we study their lives we are equally impressed by their
marked similarities and dissimilarities. It is not strange, nor is it
vitaly important that in physical appearance and in early environment
they had little in common. It is essential, however, to observe that
the great fundamental principles that ruled their lives were practically
the same. That in thoroughness of work and play, in steadfastness

of purpose, in conscientiousness of the performance of duty and in painstaking honesty they were like each other. Both, in their time, were first in War, first in Peace and first in the hearts of their countrymen and principally for the same reasons. It was because of their infallible judgment of men and their inborn ability to lead.

And so it is with all great men, of the Washington and Lincoln type. The age in which they live, the environment in which they are reared and the physical handicaps that are given them does not so much matter. All great men were not raised in the same prescribed manner. It is very probable that no two great men have exactly the same kind of early life. But it is interesting to note that at some-time early in their lives and in some manner, peculiar to the person, all great men have adopted the principles of Washington and Lincoln and have made them the ruling powers of their lives. The principles of Washington and Lincoln did more and have done more, thru the ages to make men great than have date of birth or social standing.

And so, why would it not be well for us all to remember the one prescribed formula for greatness? To do things thoroughly and well to "stick to" your purposes if you believe they are worthy, to do your duty as you believe it should be done and to be honest.

Four principles, easily remembered but oh so hard to live up to. Yet in those four, lies the secret of Washington's and Lincoln's greatness and the greatness of a great many great men,

The Cheering Squad

Last year was the first time in the history of R. H. S., that a cheering squad was organized. It was a great success and was commented on and praised by the local papers and many persons, interested and prominent in the athletics of R. H. S.

This year we want as good and if possible a better squad than we had last season. It is a big undertaking and all the girls and boys in High ought to be willing and eager to try and help out,

All we need is a plentiful supply of "pep." Two hundred or more boys and girls who have that same "pep." If you haven't it beg, borrow or manufacture some. Last year the "Freshies" rather "showed up" a few of the other classes with their large and selected supply of "pep" and we know that this year ALL of the school including this years "Freshies" will "show up" when the call comes for volunteers to help out the cheering squad. Any songs or yells will be gratefully accepted by Hyland.

Asst. Editor.

The Spelling Match

The spelling match was a great success from the first "crash" of the orchestra to the last note of the closing piece. It was more than just a success; it was an incitement to wholesome class spirit in rivalry upon something besides athletics and an awakening of interest in the better use of our mother tongue, a thing in which we Americans are noted, the world over, for carelessness and slovenliness. It was more than a success in the friendliness and good temper of the spirit shown in the contest, a spirit manifested by the hearty cheering on both sides of the rival team's good hits and in the way both teams accepted the result: no undue crowing by the winner, no complaining or soreness of temper on the part of the loser. Good sports both!

It was a success in the interest shown by parents and friends, and fellow students of the competing classes, and in the unusual fine courtesy of attention exhibited by those in the rear of the hall under peculiarly difficult conditions of hearing and keeping track of the progress of the contest. It was a success in the new and fresh realization that one misses, in one's spelling, not so much the unusual, long and difficult words as the shorter and more common words, most of them almost in familiar daily use. Who would have thought so many bright boys and girls could misspell, "jowl," "lief," "sheath," "lucid," "shekel," "shrew," "lithe," "flaccid," and the like, words familiar from one's youth up? Last of all the "match" was a success both in the general good time everybody had and in the substantial sum of money added to the piano fund. The music, the singing, the class yells, particularly the solo parts, the "snappy" spelling, the bright, eager faces, the plucky bearing of disappointment and generous applause for success will linger long with all who were so fortunate as to be present to see and to hear.

At the Senior Dance:---

Boy:—Softly. "I'm having a *rare* time."

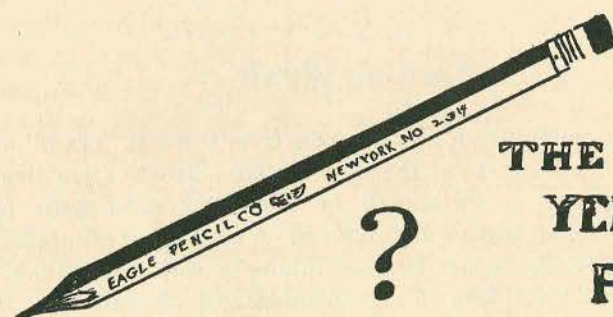
Girl:—"Well done."

In A. French

Senior translating:—"I have no sense in my head."

All Seniors are truthful.

When "Henry" was scraping the snow from the sidewalk a week ago everyone thought it was Collin's brain working.



THE YELLOW PENCIL

A Serial Story by A. F. S.
(6th Installment)

DR. E. TUTOR WHITE, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pocket, passed up and down, the length, the breath and the circulatory distance of his own bedroom. That he was extremely agitated was evident, both from his actions and from the steady stream of conversation that he was carrying on with himself. To a chance listener, stationed behind the art screen in the corner, his soliloquy would have proven most unenlightening. It is even probable that false deductions would have been made as to Dr. White's mental capacities or incapacities, and that the listener would have listened with the growing conviction that a member of Dr. White's profession would be needed to test the brain specialist's own unsound and unbalanced mind.

As it happened, the doctor was alone in his room. He had made sure of that as soon as he had entered and locked the door. He wanted, simply to think, but not unlike some people he could think better when he thot aloud.

"It's queer," he told himself, stopping abruptly and staring searchingly at the panelled door, as tho he would draw out the truth from its shinningly enameled wood. "How do you suppose that got there? Its probably just a coincidence. Someone dropped it out of of his pocket, probably. It's nothing but a common pencil, "and he walked to the desk where he picked up the two halves of the yellow pencil, that he found on the tennis court less than a half hour before.

"I'm foolish to worry about the fool thing. I'm ashamed of myself for letting just a common lead pencil unnerve me like that, but still, how do I know that it is more than a common pencil. The theiving blackmailer never did any business himself. He didn't need to," and he laughed disagreeably at the reminiscense. "Still I'll take what little comfort I can in believing this isn't some of his beastly

work. He couldn't be here on this blooming island without Rich's knowledge. I wonder, tho, who that was with Dick, I saw another man in that hydroplane. The mechanic, no doubt, but I must find out, and going to the dresser he rearranged his tie and carefully brushed his hair. Then unlocking the door he went down stairs.

Out on the porch facing the ocean Dick and Mr. Rich sat smoking. They were alone.

"Got your letters finished?" Richard asked, grinning pleasantly at White.

"Ye-es. Most of them. Had a good flight, did you?" evaded the doctor. "Miss Rich and I watched from the court. You did some very clever flying I thot."

"Thanks," said Dick simply, "Did you get my little note?"

"Note? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I just threw down a note, that's all. I weighted it with a yellow pencil that I happened to have with me."

"Oh," the monosyllable was half a sigh of relief, half an exclamation of surprise. "I found a pencil lying on the court but I little thot you dropped it." White was very aimable now. "You see the note evidently lost off in transit."

"Oh is that right? How disappointing. It was just a little joke. I merely asked if you had finished your correspondence."

"Oh I see. Very clever. Awfully sorry it slipped away from the pencil. I see that you had company on your flight. Does your mechanician often go with you?" He asked the question casually, but yet with a good deal of well concealed impatience.

"No. Rice seldom goes with me. John went with me this morning since you couldn't go."

"John? Oh that's Rice of course?"

"No. It's 'John Crayon' or 'Jean Crayon' if you care to give it the French twist. Hasn't father told you about him?"

"No, I think not. He is a friend of yours?"

"Yes, in a way. You see Doc, about a month ago—" and young Rich settled himself as he told the story of the shipwreck and the finding of Crayon down below on the rocks.

White was interested. He asked many questions and eagerly listened for answers.

"You say that he held a yellow pencil?" asked White and he gave a queer intent look in Richard's direction.

"Yes a yellow pencil, rather heavier I thot than a common lead pencil, but that may have been a mere fancy on my part."

White leaned forward. "Was there any name on the pencil?" he asked.

"I can't say for sure. But why do you ask?"

"Oh nothing, only I've heard of a secret order of 'The Yellow Pencil' And I thot perhaps the fellow might be a member."

Richard was interested. He wanted to hear more about this "order" but the doctor knew very little about it.

He was busied with his own thots. He felt sure that Crayon in some way had something to do with the one man that he had reason to fear. His accomplice, probably, but now made harmless by the accident. But suppose his loss of memory was all a bluff.

"Did that Doctor Hyde of whom you spoke say that this fellow was mentally deranged?"

"Yes," said Rich, and White was relieved.

"And you see," confessed the older gentleman. "You see we rather expect to put you to good use. Seeing that you're a brain specialist and that such work is in your line."

A strange look passed over White's face.

"I should be delighted to assist you," he said gratuitously. "I won't of course promise you that I can restore this fellow's memory because you haven't all the conveniences of a hospital nor have I all my surgical instruments. Possibly the case is such as may be treated with the powers of suggestions, fully as well as with the powers of the knife. That I can tell later after I see Mr. Crayon."

"Yes, yes, of course," acquiesced Rich. "Dr. Hyde, tho, has a very fair operating-room and I believe too, he is fairly decently equipped with surgical instruments." Rich was not a man to allow anything about his island to be depreciated.

"Oh is that so," said White, mildly interested. Oh Rich, shall we settle on my fee? A purely nominal matter, of course."

"Oh, to be sure; Glad you mentioned it. Well shall we say—"

"Luncheon is served," announced a servant just then, and the three men without delay filed into the big dining room.

"I've arranged for John to be at the table today," whispered Joseph Rice to the Doctor. "It will give you an excellent chance to study him and," he added with his business-like bluntness, tinged with sarcasm, "it will give you a chance to estimate the cost."

The entire family was already at the table when the brain specialist and the little wrinkled millionaire entered and took their places behind the two vacant chairs.

"I believe you know everyone here Doctor," said Mr. Rich looking purposely around the table, then seeing John who was standing opposite White, he said with feigned casuality, "Oh no, I don't believe the Doctor has met John. Doctor White, Mr. Crayon."

John raised his face and the eyes of the two men met. The Doctor's Face became livid, and he clung to his chair to keep from falling. The eyes of the man looked at him steadily and unflinchingly as he bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction. No one noticed White, (they were all looking in John's direction) as with a great effort he stammered "I-I'm indeed--glad--to k-know you, Mr. Crayon."

Amid the bustle of getting settled the brain-specialist somewhat recovered himself. He said little to John during the meal but followed Rich's advice and studied John's face.

Several times the man, conscious of this close scrutiny looked up but always the Doctor avoided his gaze, and would be conversing with Mr. Rich.

The meal over, the Doctor excused himself on the pretense of finishing his letters, went quickly to his room and locked his door. For many minutes he paced up and down the room with his hands behind him. Then he paused before the glass and looked hard at himself.

"You poor fool," he said between clenched teeth. "You believed you were freed and you might have known that it is not for such as you to be free. But quit whining!" he scolded himself, "quit whining and look over your cards. I wish I was just what Mr. Rich thinks I am, a brain specialist. I wonder if He is really nutty. Mr. Rich said that Dr. Hyde thot so. That's encouraging. But how long will He be that way? I don't think He's recognized me yet. But how long will it be before He does? And when He does," the Doctor made an unpleasant grimace. "I wonder what kind of a guy this Hyde is," he mused. "He may detect that my methods are crude, but it's got to be done" and pounding the table gently but determinedly he repeated. "It's got to be done."

Just then came a low knock at his door. Quickly and silently he walked over and turned the lock, then he went to his desk and began writing. The knock was repeated, this time a trifle louder.

"Come in," said White, not looking up.

He heard the door open and close behind him and then he swung around.

"Pardon me for intruding," said Joseph Rich. "I came up to find out what you decided about 'John,' you went away rather hurriedly after lunch."

"Well," said the brain specialist with a knowing look and a peculiar glint in his eyes. "I've been thinking over his case. And after careful observation of Crayon at luncheon I've become convinced that his case demands an operation. I would advise one immediately, say tomorrow morning."

(Continued to April issue)

"Single Blessedness"

By R. T. G. '16

"WELL, of all," exclaimed the dignified Miss Kent as she again glanced thru the silver bowed spectacles at the letter she was holding, "I knew she'd do it, jest like the unappreciating young huzzy. When I was young there wan't any beaux hangin' round a girl afore she was twenty and mighty few then. But I always knew Marcia was of poor raising, jest like her mother—no thought for no one but herself."

The letter was from her neice, Marcia Kaine, who was attending a co-ed school in a neighboring city. Marcia's mother, Miss Kent's sister, had married when very young, a man of only a few weeks acquaintance. The marriage had been a "seven day's wonder" in the small town and had always been regarded by her as a family disgrace. Both she and her husband had died when Marcia was still young and the child had been entrusted to the care of Miss Kent, a sufficient sum of money being left for the comforts of both, besides money for Marcia's education.

It can't be said that Miss Kent was a very agreeable companion but altho' Marcia had listened to many sermons on a child's duties and had been constantly "drummed" with old-fashioned ideas, she had grown to a fun-loving and pretty girl of eighteen.

She had long anticipated the day she would leave for school where she would have other companions than a narrow-minded, whimsical old-maid aunt.

The day finally came and she left the "one horse town" heavily laden with every available box in which her supply of new clothes could be carried.

Even after she had given her aunt a hurried kiss she received the last advice from that self-confident person, "Take good care of yourself, don't forget to take the burdock tea every night afore you go to bed, and above all don't have nothing to do with them there boys, men are all nuisances, young and old."

"All right, Aunt Netty," answered Marcia, and then under her breath, "Rot the burdock tea, and I WILL like the boys, every one of them."

Marcia found the academy quite to her liking and soon became acquainted with the other students. True to her promise she learned to like the boys, yes, everyone of them, but one in particular—Reggy Platt.

In each of her aunt's weekly letters the same sentence was to be seen, 'I hope you're studying hard and steering shy of the boys.' In Marcia's answers she would say that she was studying hard, but as for the "steering shy" part, well, she said nothing about it.

Now Marcia was by no means a superstitious girl but when the friendship between her and Reggy had been in existence about three months, she had a dream that greatly changed her plans.

In her last letter Marcia's aunt had told her that she had recently made her will, adding rather sarcastically that in the absence of any other relatives she was to leave her money to Marcia on the one condition that Marcia should never marry, in which case it was to go to "A Home for Unmarried Women".

Marcia had the "blues" for the rest of the day and retired early that evening forgetting to take the usual dose of burdock tea.

In the middle of the night she awoke suddenly after having a rather "tiresome" dream. She had imagined that she had partaken in a race over an uninhabited region with her aunt, who had learned of Reggy's attention to her, in pursuit. In one of Miss Kent's wrinkled hands Marcia could see the will, with the other she held aloft a huge cup of the detested burdock tea.

It was some time before Marcia could satisfy herself that it was only a dream but this at last done she began to think deeply. She had often heard of warning of impending danger coming by means of a dream and her conscience began to trouble her.

Jumping out of bed she turned on a light and donning a kimono she sat down and wrote the following letter to her aunt—
Dear Aunt Netty:

Your letter came today and I was indeed very glad to get it. I am sorry you feel that way about my marrying but I guess you'd better be making arrangements to leave your money to that Spinster home because you see I already have a boy friend. I know you'd like him, he's got blue eyes, light hair and an adorable mouth. I intend bringing him home soon so you can meet him, you know I can, Auntie, because it's my house and you can't say a word.

With Love •

Marcia.

It was this letter that Miss Kent had read again and again, each time expressing a more bitter comment.

Two weeks later Miss Kent was interrupted from her knitting by a loud knock at the door. After stopping a second to smooth her hair which she had spent so much time rolling on tea lead the night

before she made her way to the door. To her great surprise she saw Marcia standing before, and behind her neice a tall good-looking young man of about Marcia's age.

The two came in thru the open door before Miss Kent had thoroughly recovered from her shock. Marcia not pretending to notice her aunt's embarrassment proceeded to make the strangers known to each other.

"Aunt Netty," she said, "this is Reggy Platt; Reggy this is my aunt, Miss Kent."

"Platt!" Miss Kent shrieked, "you ain't John Platt's son be you?"

"Why yes," answered Reggy, rather bewildered at Miss Kent's actions.

"Well," Miss Kent continued somewhat milder, "you're the livin' picture of your father and I must admit Marcia is a good judge of beauty."

Much to the wonder of Marcia, Miss Kent acted very hospitably to Reggy and did all in her power to make him comfortable.

That evening at her own suggestion Miss Kent told Marcia and Reggy of her old love for John Platt, Reggy's father. As she expressed it she had been "promised" to Reggy's father when "he up and married" Ann Walker.

Then smiling down on the young people, she said kindly, "I'll change my will to-morrow, for if Marcia must have a husband there's no one I'd rather she'd have than John Platt's son."

Marcia could not remember of ever before having been so happy as she was that night, she had at last learned why her aunt had always so strongly advocated "single blessedness."

A brilliant young Scotland Yards' sleuth
Was sent out to discover the truth;
He returned feeling blue
For he'd found just one clue
T'was a clue to the Klu Kluk, forsooth.

Everyone is acquainted with one or more forms of pest. Below is a list of a few familiar ones:

Charles Spencer, bughouse pest; LeRoy Bigelow, bookworm pest; Harp O'Brien, universal pest; Crook Towers, teachers' pest; Malcolm Wright, Latin class pest; "Hall Division Boys," pestered pest; Edward Collins, girls' pest.

The Maiden's Lament

The sun sinks low with muffled glow
Far on the western verge;
With hollow roar upon the shore
Bellows the breaking surge.

On yon bare scar, above the bar
Where seething billows groan,
Seen clear on high against the sky,
A maiden wild and lone.

Her tresses black, loose-blown, stream back
Before the salt sea air;
A tide of tears her dark eye bears,
And mars her visage fair;

Her sable wrap and dresses flap
Upon the rushing wind—
Ah me! I fear that reason dear
Has flown that youthful mind!

Perchance she's sane; e'en so I fain
She'd there no longer stay—
Oh hark! she speaks! her woeful shrieks
Come clear across the bay!

Sad, drear, at first, her wailings burst
From her fervent, heaving breast;
Then fiercer grow, and from her flow
Like those billows from the west.

"Oh cruel Deep, to bear to sleep
My love 'neath waters dim!
Now, sullen sea, thou takest me,
As thou hast taken him!"

She forward steps, and headlong leaps
Far o'er the dizzy steep!
Down, down, she goes, till o'er her flows
The loud and turbid deep!

The heightening gale with howling wail
Bemoans the tragic sight;
And settling fast from skies o'er cast
Descends the stormy night.

NAME	BETTER KNOWN AS	BY WORD	IDENTIFIED BY	FAVOITE PASTIME	CONDITON OF SERVITUDE	WILL BECOME A
Clarence Fagan	"Ache"	Eh !	Bored Expression	Being President	Divorced	Lawyer
Harold Radigan	"Hop-pot Jim"	By Golly !	His Grin	Drawing	Promising	Engineer
Bernard Welch	"Ache"	Oh ! My!	San-Felice	Writing notes	Attached	Bachelor ??
Thomas Horan	"Flick"	Hello Feller !	That Walk	Flirting	!!!!????!!	Prohibitionist ??
Murray Roach	"Red"	That's n-ice !	Red Hair	Inventing Locals	Unattached (as yet)	Humorist
Elias Peck	"Yid"	Mawning	Them Glasses	Breaking hearts	Engaged	Clergyman
Walter Lee	"Fog"	I got 93	His Laugh	Eating in Lab.	Divorced	Chef ? ? ? ?
James Creed	"Board-Head"	G'wan	That Stride	Sliding	Attached	Aeronaut
Malcolm Wright	"Dubb"	Gracious me	His books	Pianist	Impossible	Paderewski No. 2
Fred Carpenter	"Shorty"	Sure	His height	Growing	Hard to tell	Giant
John Leonard	"Skinny"	Nix	His weight	Being Boss	Unpromising	Linguist
Bruce Mills	"Stub"	Conscientiously	Dignified look	Doing Trig.	No chance	Mechanic
Robert Marsh	"Deak"	Desist	His complexion	Sunday Eve., Parades	Very Muchly	Actor
George Pease	"Bish"	"Oread"	Solemn air	Money	Attached	Cashier
Harry LaRoque	"Prof"	Sure	His Hair	Doing Chem.	Bachelor	College Professor
Albert Proctor	"J-O-H-N"	Heh !	That Pipe	Elocution	Experienced	Statesman
Max Thompson	"Maxixe"	Naturally	His Pomp	Writing notes	Right there	Bachelor
Day Waite	"Pete"	"Where's Pat"	Pleasing countenance	Athletics	Fair	Pete McManus No. 2
Arthur Smith	"Eben"	Mawning	Happy look	Plugging Latin	Excellent	32nd President of U. S.
Harry Welch	"Harry"	Fresh eggs	Pencil over his ear	Selling groceries	Experienced	Grocer
Malcolm Ross	"Judge"	Guilty	His actions	10 days	Bachelor	Lawyer
Newell Grover	N. G.	R. S. V. P.	Pencil sharpener	Sharpening pencils	Promising	Marconi No. 2
Paul Gilioli	"Minnow"	Sure	That countenance	Anything	Trying-hard	Ambassador
John Poore	"John"	My !	Green-tie	Studying	We can find no condition	Bachelor
Walter O'Brien	"Harp"	I've brought my stand	Studious air	Doing Chem.	Ditto	Chemist
Raymond Flynn	"Pork"	What time is it ?	That watch	Tieing-ties	He thinks so	Bushleague Pitcher ?
Tom McGarry	"J. C."	Not fit for print	That nag	Getting acquainted	????????	Impossible to tell
Charles Cooper	"Milton"	"Wal"	Sputtering speech	Tramping	We don't know	U. C. T.
James Dwyer	"Roger"	"23-27"	West-side mile	Baseball	Divorced	Pitcher for the Braves
Ray Brown	"Ray"	"Kodak"	Mill Village Walk	Developing pictures	Impossible	College Professor
Newton Hazeltine	"Prof"	I'm sorry for yer	Bon Aire	Studying	Married	Lawyer
Daniel Healey	"Mutt"	Dickey-Dick	Long eared laugh	Billiards	Fine	Comedian
Roy Hubbard	"Rodney"	You may bet	Typewriting	Farming	Bigamist	Scientific Farmer
Mary Pierce	"Allah"	Ain't he cute	Her smile	Looking for No. 14	Engaged	Nun ?
Katherine Aldrich	"Cutie"	O' h h h !	Her acting	Looking for mail	Lonesome	Married
Marguerite Beardsley	Brains and Beauty	I wish I was on Broadway	Bewitching eyes	Blushing	A crush	Opera Singer
Gail Wilson	"Willy"	Oh my—days	Little Red Hat	Going to Proctor	Waiting	Hypnotizer
Helen Stafford	"Minnie"	That's nice	Her trill	Eating Guzzes	Lord knows	Valedictories at some Jerk Water College
Susie Culter	"Sue"	Wayne would like it	Her laugh	Going to Jr. Proms	Engaged	Bride

[Editors Note] Several of the girls are absolutely devoid of anything except their names. Hence the very few names under the "female line-up."

The Jolly Hermit

Ourselves and those we see
Are molded forms of clay
Which breathe awhile and cease to be,
Or so the sages say.

Our souls alone live on,
Beyond the grave's dark cloud,
When our corporal rinds forever don
Their ghastly odious shroud;

And Retribution sure
Will come to those that sing,
While Pestered on this rolling sphere
By life's besotting din.

If these dread things be so,
Pray what will be the need
Of those who measure others' woe
By their insatiate greed?

And those who blindly run
Their unprolific day,
And at each fork perversely shun
The good and righteous way?

Why should I struggle, then,
In sinful self-regard,
To make myself a man of men,
By emulation hard?

I covet no renown,
No power of royal name;
Nor care to win my life a crown
Of wealth-begotten fame.

I lead no storied life,
In search of abstract lore,
But live with solitude for wife,
And let the mad world roar.

I love the hilly wolds,
And forest-circled lea:
The flowers couched in woodland folds
Holds subtle charms for me.

The silver-spangled brooks,
The verdant grass-grown glade,
Are more to me than printed books
Of all that art e'er made.

I wander all about
The silent wood and field:
I search their artful tenants out,
Which my subsistence yield.

In long and rambling walks
My ecstasy I find:
It seems that all God's nature talks
To my enraptured mind.

At times I rest inert,
From care exempt and free:
With squirrels shy and birds I flirt,
In imaginative glee.

In unproved delight
I while away the day,
And with the darkening shades of night
Me down to rest I lay.

No unremittent grief,
Nor love I learned to rue,
Has set the past in dark relief,
Or chilled my spirit through;

But simple love for good,
And scorn for all things mean,
Have wrapt me in a Hermit's hood,
To worldly eyes unseen.

The worldly strife may rage;
But I aloof shall sit,
Like an enlightened, modern sage,
By virtue's taper lit.

So welcome, Solitude:
With solitary ease
I'll live averse to jangle rude,
In undisturbed peace.

The Interview

GIBSON DUDLEY tossed the letter he had just finished reading into the waste-paper basket. "I won't see him," he growled.

Miss Conkling, his secretary, looked up from her work. "That confounded 'Suffrage Journal' is sending a reporter to interview me," stormed the author. "The fact that a writer makes the heroine of his book a suffragette, does not prove that he is a champion of women's rights. If they think they are going to give me a nice little write-up for their front page, they are mistaken. When that reporter comes I will not see him."

Miss Conkling looked thoughtful. "But he comes a long way to see you," she ventured.

"Can't help that, I will not see him," said Mr. Dudley firmly. "When he comes you will please tell him that I do not care to see him."

"What excuse shall I give?" inquired Miss Conkling.

"Tell him—" began Mr. Dudley, and then paused helplessly, "Oh, tell him I'm out," he explained, at last. "I'll take Rex and go for a tramp over the hills."

Two hours later, the author of "Suffragist Sallie" and "My Lady's Rights" was striding across the fields with his dog at his heels.

"This is better than being interviewed, eh, Rex?" he remarked, as he paused for a moment on the crest of a small hill.

Evidently Rex was of the same opinion for he wagged his stump of a tail vigorously.

From where Dudley had stopped he commanded a view of the road. Standing stock-still by the roadside was a little white car.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of it, "that looks like a breakdown. And hello, again! Is that a woman? It looks like it is!"

In an instant he was hurrying toward the road.

"What's the trouble?" he called to the slim figure in the linen duster.

The girl, who had been standing in the middle of the road staring helplessly at the car, laughed. "That's the very thing I'd like to know," she said.

"Perhaps I can help," offered he, examining the car.

A glance showed Dudley that the break was slight and easily mended.

"It won't take long," he assured her, and set to work at once.

"I shall be very grateful to you," said the girl watching him, "I have an important appointment to keep."

"What! all through?" she exclaimed, a few moments later, "That sure was a quick job. Thank you, Mr. ---."

Dudley smiled. "My name is Gibson Dudley."

The girl gasped. "Mr. Gibson Dudley, the author?"

Dudley gave a rueful glance down at his old clothes. "Yes," he admitted.

"You wrote 'Suffragist Sallie' and 'My Lady's Rights'?" demanded the girl excitedly.

Dudley nodded.

"Oh, Mr. Dudley," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad to meet you. I do so love those books! And having a man write them makes them dearer than ever."

Dudley squirmed uneasily.

"And Mr. Dudley, you do believe all you wrote in those books, don't you?" asked the girl.

"Cer-certainly," stammered Mr. Dudley.

"And 'Suffragist Sallie' is your ideal of a women?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Y-yes, of course," said Dudley.

"And you do think women should have the right to vote, don't you?"

"I do," said poor Dudley.

"And you are willing to do all in your power to secure that right for them, aren't you, Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes," he affirmed.

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" cried the girl, seizing his hand and shaking it.

Then she ran to the car and sprang in. "Can I give you a lift?" she asked.

Dudley shook his head. "No, I thank you."

The girl had the car turned about by this time. "Good-bye, and thank you," she called over her shoulder as the machine bore her swiftly away from him.

Dudley breathed a sigh of relief.

"Crazy as a loon," was his unflattering remark as he faced toward home.

Somehow he didn't feel like walking any more that afternoon. He had forgotten all about the reporter he had run away to avoid. He wanted to get back to the study and talk things over with Miss Conkling—she always helped.

He found her at the telephone. "Here he comes now," she was saying as he stalked into the room. "Someone to speak with you, Mr. Dudley," she explained, turning to him.

Dudley took the receiver.

"Hello!" called a gay voice, which he instantly recognized as belonging to the girl he had just left. "Is this Mr. Dudley?"

Miss Conkling snickered.

Dudley's clean-shaven face flushed. He only half understood the meaning of that laugh, but he was beginning to see light.

"Yes," he snarled, "this is Dudley."

"Well, Mr. Dudley," laughed the girl at the other end of the wire, "this is Lucia Bright, reporter for the 'Suffrage Journal' you know. I was on my way to your house when my car broke down. I want to thank you for helping me and also for the interview. I assure you the 'Journal' will appreciate that splendid interview. Good-bye."

Dudley turned slowly away from the telephone to look straight into Amy Conkling's dancing eyes.

"The reporter didn't come," she said sweetly. "I hope you had a nice walk."

"SHIRLEY SHIRWOOD" '16

[Editors Note:—The concluding installment of "Jimmy Winter's Finish" will appear in the April Oread. This and a quantity of other good material had to be left out for lack of space.]

Dear Old R. H. S.

Come with me a-flitting flitting,
Where the scholars all are sitting,
In the many crowded rooms within the old High School;
From the ground floor to the garret,
If you think that you can bear it,
I will tell it all, I swear it,
Tho' it scarcely is consistent with the golden rule.

Now in the large rooms we're flitting
And we find the scholars sitting
Crowded-seats are taken one and all!
Worse than that, the seats are taken
And some freshies feel forsaken,
And their pride is somewhat shaken,
For they have to sit forever in Assembly Hall.

But even there they're not a fixture,
For whenever there's a lecture,
Those poor freshies needs must vacate one and all,
And every book and pen we've noted,
Must right then away be toted,
For the floor must be unloaded,
To make room for any doings in the Hall.

Now lets flit to freshman quarters
Where some of Rutland's sons and daughters
In the room called "number six" find their domain,
Now here's trouble without seeking,
Troubles that require no peeking,
Gas jets leaking, leaking, leaking,
Gas jets leaking gas to dull the student's brain.

If a dark day we should flit here
Who should see the scholars sit here
Bending near so near each book and exercise,
And the teacher wondering whether
Lights off in this gloomy weather,
Or their fitful glows together,
Would be better for the sorely straining eyes.

There's one place we can't go flitting
For there's no room, such tight fitting
Prevails in dressing rooms at noon and night.
There may start an epidemic
So great the strongest cannot stem it,
If someone doesn't soon condemn it,
Before the germs get in and try their might.

The walls are very thickly lined there
With coats and hats and scarfs combined there,
So thickly that they oft fall on the floor.
And when the scholars all crowd in,
We'll see them scramble 'round like sin
To find each garment, thick or thin.
When, O when will all this be no more?

Here is something rather droll-
T'is a tiny cubby hole
The teachers for their dressing room must take.
They cannot congregate within there
For the space is all too thin there,
So they take turns going in there,
And some Outside do stand with feet that ache.

In some rooms the scholars prattle
Is just smothered by one long rattle
Till they almost wish they were defunct.
Those poor scholars, concentration
Is kept from any exaltation
By all the noises in creation--
I wonder much that all of them don't flunk.

Some corridors are long and narrow,
And it chills us to the marrow
To see a slender teacher try to make her way
Between the periods, down the hall
Against a great crowd, careless all--
Enough to crush her against the wall,
Yet this very thing occurs here every day.

The heating system, I must add here,
Is so very, very bad here
No janitor could make the heat go right
While in one room one is baking,
In another one is shaking
With a chill that sets him quaking,
Tho' he tried to think he's warm with all his might.

Insurance agent Burnham came here,
Said he thought a little game here
Would prove quite dreadful in case of fire.
He saw the boiler with disgust,
Said- "If ever that should bust,
You scholars would be somewhat fussed,
For it would fire the only passage way that's here!"

But something comes a-flitting flitting,
Toward the scholars, still a-sitting
Patient, waiting till it flits a little nearer,
Till some wise man shall decree it,
Till the fate who hold it free it,
See a Brand New High School! See it?
T'will make our R. H. S. a little dearer.

N. B. '17

[Editors Note]—A poem written on the same theme as this one was printed in the last Oread. That one and this were both written by Juniors.

Athletics

COLLECTING ATHLETIC DUES

It is a deplorable fact that in a school of nearly half a thousand students only about one-third have enough interest in the school, and its athletic teams, to contribute the semi-annual fee of twenty-five cents. Surely it must be a lack of interest for altho' R. H. S. is not a school of especially wealthy members, I believe there is no one who can truthfully say that he cannot afford the sum mentioned.

The base ball team of 1915 defeated most of the strong high school teams in the state and more than broke even in the number of games won or lost. There is no need to speak of last years foot-ball team. It suffices to say that they won ten of the eleven games played, and incidentally the high school championship of Vermont. The prospect for a championship team this spring is all that could be desired. The strong aggressive machine of last year is nearly intact and will be strengthened at several points by new members of known ability. This proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the apparent lack of interest on the part of some cannot be attributed to the poor quality of our athletics.

We cannot naturally, expect the girls to take as much interest in such things as the fellows, having as they do, no active part in athletics. There is a certain faction however among the girls who pay athletic dues who form the nucleus of our cheering squad; who attend the games and who make our high school fair the success that it is. I am sure that they are admired and respected by all for their loyalty and progressiveness.

But what about the considerable number of both sexes who sit back and do nothing but wield their little hammers? It is in all probability the members of this same faction who read the "Oread" over the shoulders of their schoolmates, and thus keep the paper from growing as it should. We do not want to ask too much of the fair sex, but it seems to me that any fellow who refuses to "come across" with "two bits" twice a year for the good of his school is not a likely candidate in any popularity contest.

It is not an extravagant statement but a tested fact to say that the standard of a school can be accurately judged by its athletics. You who are members of Rutland High School are looked up to (or not, as the case may be) by the members of other schools, according to the standard of your athletics. If your team is victorious you share in its victory; if defeated you share in its defeat.

Perhaps some of you think that all that is necessary to start a baseball season is to take nine fellows and challenge some opponent. If you labor under such illusion please wake up to the fact that it takes money—"a word that means the world" to baseball teams. Before the season is well underway all the filthy lucre is going out and none coming in. Get that.

To give a faint idea: we need a couple of dozen bats, (baseball) three or four dozens of baseballs, a new set of bases, new uniforms and a new catchers outfit. That is merely a starter. Then there are guarantees to be paid, the coaches salary and various expenses not to be mentioned off hand.

As the sporting goods people are mercenary enough to ask that we pay for their goods we urge all members of the school to bid farewell to a two-bit piece or its equivalent in U. S. currency and to pull together for the good of the school and team.

FLATTENERS VS. BURR & BURTON

A few of the restless members of our beloved institution, feeling that they were slowly dying of ennui organized a squad last Wednesday night and signed up to play a game of basket ball with "B & B" on the following night.

They admit that they were defeated which proves beyond all shadow of doubt that they did not go chiefly to play the afore mentioned game.

The score is not definitely known but it is reported by competent authority that "Jess Willard" kept the tally down by refusing to give up the ball until he had at least made first down.

Were there more interest in basket ball here Rutland might well make a record for herself as we have some splendid material.

IN OTHER SCHOOLS

A seniors measurement table.

Three smiles make one grin

Three grins make one laugh

Three laughs make one happy. (Ex.)

Let's make it a receipt and try it out—Ed.

The Freshmen are an awful bunch,

They make an awful noise;

The girls are surely bad enough,

But they can't beat the Boys. (Ex.)

It's vice versa in R. H. S.



Overheard concerning the spelling match

Mr. Thomas—"Well I won't give very difficult words at first."

Radigan—"Will they be in the dictionary?"

Miss Button—"Miss Wilkins spell gangrene."

Miss W—"G - a - n - g - r - e - e - n."

Miss B—"You have it very badly."

Miss Nelson—"How do you say the negative of "By the order of Cicero?"

Moloney—"Disorder instead of order."

When some Freshmen were put in room one last term, Kate Brothers was heard to exclaim.

"Room One"—Mixed nuts!"

Miss Nelson when O'Brien answered out of turn.

"Is your name Chatterton?"

O'Brien—"er - a —"

Miss N—"Good name for you, anyway!" Laughter.

K. Brothers (meeting I. Jerry after the matinee.)

"How did you enjoy the play, Peg?"

Geyser, The Dynamo.

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HOWLEY BROS.

MILEAGE BOOKS - - - 18 Center Street

"A" English :

Mr. T—"Now Flynn, don't try to be funny because only smart people are funny."

Got yer there Curly, Eh ?

Will some of the future scientist of R. H. S. help the editor in producing something to keep the gold (if there is any) on Curly Flynn's watch shiny ?

Healy—"Say Jess, what did you get in Domestic Science?"

Sullivan—"I only took one lesson and that was interrupted."

In Chemistry:

Mr. B—s—Name one standard known throughout the world."

Marg H—n—Standard Oil.

Miss Moor to young Milliners—"I advise you to decorate the inside as well as the outside of your heads."

Queen of Spain—"Moi Gracia! The baby has the stomach ache."

Court chamberlain—"Woo! Woo! send for the Secretary of the Interior"—(Ex.)

Prof. T - -s, "A" English—"Don't go out of the way to rap on wood, just rap on your head."

Marg. Horton to Healey—"Ours must be California Red-wood."

Cheer up R. H. S. we find that two other schools have lost their Freshmen reception too.

Must be the work of a regular gang.

CLOTHING AND FOOTWEAR **NICHOLS & BARNEY**
OF THE BEST KIND

A seniors measurement table.

Three smiles make one grin

Three grins make one laugh

Three laughs make one happy. (Ex.)

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The Freshmen are an awful bunch,

They make an awful noise;

The girls are surely bad enough,

But they can't beat the Boys. (Ex.)

It's vice versa in R. H. S.

Exchanges

The following exchanges have been received this month :

Archm, South Byfield, Mass.

Boston University Beacon.

Boy Agriculturist, St. Charles, Ill.

Comet, Milwaukee, Wis.

Daleville Leader, Daleville, Va.

Dynamo, Newton, Mass.

Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.

Geyser, Livingston, Mont.

Hopkins Arms, Hadley, Mass.

High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

Konah, Missoula, Mont.

K. H. S. Enterprise, Keene, N. H.

Lyndon Aggie, Lyndon Center, Vt.

Lemon and Black, Fort Royal, Va.

Milton College Review, Milton, Wis.

Megaphone, Davenport, Wash.

O. F. A., Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Orol, Middletown, N. Y.

Register, Burlington, Vt.

Reveille, Northfield, Vt.

Speed, Idaho Falls, Idaho

Tryout, Haverhill, Mass.

T. C. A. Chronicle. Poultney, Vt.

Washington Square Dealer, N. Y.

Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.

Vermont Academy Life, Saxtons River, Vt.

We are very glad to welcome five new changes this month; The Speed, The Lemon and Black, The Washington Square Dealer, The Geyser, The Dynamo.

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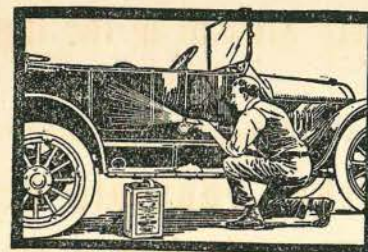
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THE OREAD

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